

THE
CHILD'S FRIEND.

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FRANK AND HARRY.

"THE THINGS WHICH ARE NOT SEEN ARE ETERNAL."

"LET us have a little talk together this evening," said Harry to his mother, as he and his brother took their favorite place by her side.

"What shall we talk of?" she replied; "I am quite ready. Have you any thing in particular you want to ask about?"

Frank. "Yes, mother. I want to know if there is any such things as ghosts. John White says he does not dare to go by the burying ground in the evening for fear of ghosts. Now will you tell me truly if there is any such thing as a ghost, for I don't believe there is."

Mother. "What is a ghost, Frank?"

Frank. "I am sure I don't know, I never heard of such a thing from you or father, but John is always talking of ghosts."

Mother. "Ghost means spirit ; it is taken from the German word Gheist, which means a spirit. Now are you afraid of a spirit ? even if it were to appear to you, why should you fear it ? what harm would it do you ? "

Harry. " But, mother, it would be so strange to be with a spirit and to see it."

Mother. You are with spirits now, and you see all that your present bodily eyes will enable you to see of a spirit ; we are all three of us spirits just as truly as we are bodies, and even more so, for we know our bodies must die, and we have no reason to believe that our spirits will ever die. You are therefore, you see, living among ghosts or spirits all the time, and yet you are not afraid of them, and these ghosts of your acquaintance have also good strong bodies belonging to them, which they can use to bad purposes when they please, and therefore are much more dangerous than those you fear. Why should any one fear the spirits which have no bodies that we can see, and which never do any harm that we know of, even supposing that they really exist here, and that they do wander about on earth. I should like to have a perfect assurance that there are spirits around us all the time, for I know that if it were so, it would be only for our good. It is to me a very pleasant and inspiring thought ; I love to believe in the existence and constant presence of spirits. But if they exist, why should they be found in the burying-ground any more than any where else ? They are, I should think, more like to be present at a happy fireside, such as ours, and wherever there is purity and goodness, and most of all where there are virtuous sufferers who want such support and comfort as mortal friends cannot give. We

believe that God is the Great Spirit of the universe, that He is everywhere present ; can therefore any spirit have power over us without His will and knowledge ? What, therefore, have we to fear from a spirit, or ghost if there be such a thing ? You ought, I should think, to desire their presence. You are both very fond of the song,

“When at night I go to sleep,
Fourteen angels are at hand, —
Two at my right their watches keep ;
Two on my left to bless me stand ;
Two hover gently o'er my head ;
Two guard the foot of my small bed ;
Two wake me with the sun's first ray ;
Two dress me nicely every day ;
Two guide me on the heavenly road
That leads to happiness and God.”

Frank. “I like that song very much, mother, but ghosts and angels are very different sort of persons.”

Mother. “How do you know they are ? We know nothing about angels or spirits, for let us call them angels or spirits rather than ghosts, but this we do know, that if we are surrounded by spirits, they must be good angels such as the little song speaks of, as ministering to all our wants when we cannot help ourselves.

The little child comes into the world totally helpless, and ignorant, and those who take good care of it are all as ministering angels to it. As we grow older and can help ourselves a little, we are left more to ourselves ; but it may be, that spirits aid children and us too, in time of need, for the good God will not forsake us then any more than in our infancy, and if we could see and know

more, we should doubtless only love and trust more than we do now.

Did you ever think in the day time when you cannot see a single star that there are then as many stars over your head as at night?"

Frank. "No, mother, I thought there were no stars in the day time."

Harry. "I remember hearing uncle Harry give some one an account of the total eclipse of the sun, and of his seeing the stars as plain as at night, and of the birds and fowls going to roost, and then I thought that there must always be stars over our heads, only the light of the sun prevents us from seeing them."

Frank. "I suppose, mother, that if we had ever seen and got acquainted with a spirit, we should not be afraid of it."

Mother. "There are many things now that you are very familiar with, but cannot see, which are very strange, and that you do not fear at all."

Frank. "What are they, mother?"

Mother. Do you see all the four elements which you often talk of? Did you ever see the air, without which you cannot live five minutes?"

Frank. "No, I never saw the air, but I never thought of it before."

Mother. "You cannot with your naked eye see the myriads of insects in every drop of water you drink. You cannot without the aid of an instrument see the electric fluid that will carry a message to Washington for you in a minute or two, and return you an answer sooner than you can get one from the other part of the city you live in. But it is nothing against any of these

wonderful facts that your weak eyes cannot see them. All things tell of the goodness and wisdom and power of the Creator of all things, just so far as you can understand them. Doubtless there are many more wonderful facts, which will be discovered, that men know now only imperfectly, or not at all. But of one thing you may always be sure, my dear children, that greater knowledge will increase your faith in the wisdom and goodness of God, that there is nothing to fear but wrong doing, that whatever is true is good, and that when you fear anything that God has created, it is because you do not see or understand what it is; for, all that He has made is very good.

I recollect an anecdote of a young girl, which will show you how easy it is to cure one's self of these foolish fears if you will but remember this. She was afraid of the dark and ghosts as John White calls them; her mother convinced her reason that there was nothing to fear any more in the dark than in the light. But she was still a slave to her fears.

One night she went up into her sleeping-room a little after dark, and directly before her she saw a figure with its arms stretched out as if to embrace her; she turned and ran away with precipitation; she nearly fell as she flew down the long winding staircase, but just as she got to the last step, she remembered what her mother had very lately said to her upon the subject, and she stopped. She recollected that but a few minutes before, she had been in this very room, and that nothing that could really hurt her, could be there. She thought how much better it would have been if she had stopped and looked at the figure, and ascertained if it was a real living being,

or some false appearance ; she said to herself, " I must cure my folly now, or be a coward all my life, cost what it may, I will go and see what that figure is."

Slowly, very slowly she walked up the stairs and through the long entry into the chamber. As she entered the door, she saw the figure again with its arms extended ; she stopped and was inclined to run again. But courage and good sense prevailed, and she sat down in a chair which the dim light enabled her to see near the door. She then looked steadily at the figure, hearing the while her heart beat, thump, thump, thump, very hard.

Presently her eyes adapted themselves to the light and she began to see things in the room clearly ; gradually the frightful figure turned into a high-backed arm-chair with one of her own dresses laid upon it with the sleeves extended, and this was the ghost she had feared.

She went up to it, took her dress and hung it up in its place, and said to herself, " I have learned two lessons to-night, not to leave my dresses hanging on chairs, and not to take them in the dark for ghosts."

From that time this young friend of mine was cured of her foolish fears. She told me that after hanging up her dress, she sat down in the chair that she had so dreaded and looked out of the window at the glorious troops of stars, all marching on without rest in obedience to the Divine Law which first set them in motion, and she wondered she had ever been afraid of the beautiful night."

E. L. F.

THE FEATHER CHAIR.

It was new-year's evening; the fire was burning cheerfully, the shadows about the room were making grotesque figures on the walls, and the children of the household were making merry. The new-year's gifts were all exhibited, and the names of those who had presented them were called over and some passing comments made on their characters. It was a bright, happy scene, love had bestowed her treasures, and opened the hearts and mouths of the young folks, and made them feel that the new-year was a rich blessing; some were old enough to rejoice that this new-year which had witnessed none of the faults of the old one, gave them an opportunity for putting aside bad habits and gaining some virtues which should make it indeed a happy new-year.

After a time the noise of talk began to subside, and the children with one accord became so quiet that a slight noise could be heard, when their attention was attracted to the bright mahogany table, where their presents were all arranged in order, and it seemed to them that they heard a rustling sound proceeding from the feather chair which had been given to one of them. This little feather chair had been the admiration of the whole family and seemed to have about it a peculiar charm. All eyes were turned upon it, but immediately the sound ceased, and the children supposed it was only a notion that there was any sound, and were satisfied of their mistake; soon, however, the silence of the room was

again broken by the sound of a voice which seemed to come from this fairy-like chair. All was hushed in a moment to hear what was to come.

"Be quiet for a while," proceeded the voice, "and I will give you some little account of myself."

The children were now convinced that the chair was the speaker. The chair looked so inoffensive and the voice sounded so pleasantly that they very willingly complied with its demand to be quiet, and with a pleasing sort of dread prepared themselves to hear whatever strange thing might come from such a speaker. The voice said, "This beautiful little feather chair which you all admire so much, has once had life; these shining feathers have once adorned a creature who led a very happy life; but I will begin at the beginning and tell you its whole story. It is now less than a year since I, the spirit of this chair, who am now addressing you, was shut up in a beautiful ivory castle, all lined with gold; here I remained contented for some time, knowing nothing beyond the walls of my castle; but one day there was a knocking upon the outer wall of my castle, and immediately I began to feel a desire to leave the place which all at once seemed too small for me, and instantly I formed the wish to know something more than what was directly about me; I began then to knock in turn from within, and call out, when an answering call made me sure I was heard, and convinced me that some friend had been listening, and was at hand to help me; it was not long before an entrance was made, and I found myself invested with a new power, for I could see; it was some time before I could use any of the faculties which the opening of my palace walls had bestowed up-

on me ; but what made me more happy than anything else, was the feeling that I was under the care of the person who evidently was the owner of my castle, which now that I had left it, seemed a most insignificant thing ; indeed I believe it all crumbled away very soon after I left it, and I wondered as I looked at it, how I should ever have been so contented in it. O such glories as met my open eyes when I first stepped out, no language can describe, and the owner of my castle, who helped to release me from it, never left me ; this was a great comfort to me, for wherever I went, this friend was by my side with a kind and watchful eye, supplying all my wants, feeding me when I was hungry, and leading me to pleasant streams when I was thirsty. Every day some new delight opened upon me. In the course of time I found that I was changing from a little helpless thing into as independent and powerful a being as the friend who made the entrance for my escape from the little narrow dwelling which I first occupied. After some time had elapsed in my new existence, I found one day that there was a beautiful red ornament presented to me, to adorn the top of my head, and another one under my mouth. I was so pleased at these pretty gifts that I tried to crow at them, and let all my companions know of my adornments, but I made a poor hand at it, and I believe was much ridiculed for the attempt, but this I did not mind, for I had a something within me that told me it was not wrong, and so I went on till I learned to make a famous sound, and I must confess to you, my young friends, that I was a little vain of this accomplishment and felt too ambitious about it, so that I gained some enemies.

I have now something to relate to you which perhaps you will scarcely believe ; it was after I had seen some seven or eight moons fade away from the blue covering over our heads, when one night I retired for rest upon the branch of an old apple tree, when, instead of awaking as usual at the dawn, I found myself no longer in the same body which I had carried about me the day before, and the story of my first days when I was enclosed in my ivory castle, seemed to be acted over again, and I was conscious that I was gifted with far greater powers, and a world still more beautiful was opened upon me ; but above all I could understand human language, and know what were the beings who I had merely considered before as trees ; here I must pause, for I cannot bear to sadden your young hearts, which I must do, when I tell you that these great beings who I find have so much power, have made me sometimes feel by the bad use they make of their power that they had better be only as I am, or even as I was in my ivory prison. I will now go back to the morning when I found I had left my feather castle which I discovered was not despised like my former one, but was, on the contrary, much esteemed ; the body which I had quitted, and which I call my castle, was taken up and stripped of its beautiful covering all but the wings, these were left ; this pleased me, for I loved my wings especially ; this body of mine was then taken up with many others which had met with the same change, and carried round to several houses ; I was taken to a house that was filled with busy people who were making some great preparations for some great day, and my wings were cut off and placed in the hands of a young lady, who, with great dexterity,

converted part of them into this beautiful chair which I found was made to help on the great works of the great day ; and I was at last placed in the famous Faneuil Hall, " the Cradle of Liberty," as it is called ; and there, in the midst of all the splendors which had been collected from almost all quarters of the globe for a great Fair, I was placed. I soon found why, that I might by my beauty and elegance attract the attention of some one who would like to purchase me ; I was immediately bought and presented to you, my dear little Annie, for your new-year's gift.

Do you not think I was pleased to find my wings in Faneuil Hall, the cradle of liberty, and to know why I was carried there ? for I learned that the money which was given for me was to be used in the service of freedom, for you must know that I have found out since I understood language, that there are some people who have no freedom, who can neither walk, nor run at their own will, nor do anything of themselves any more than I could do when shut up in what I called my castle ; O, if some kind angel would come and open their prison-house as mine was done, and let them enjoy as I did the new world it would be to them ! Now that I can understand human language it seems to me passed belief that one human being who knows what freedom is, should have the heart to take it away from another. If there were not some who abhor and cry out against this horrid work, I should wish that I had never come to know more than I did when my utmost skill was to crow. There are, however, some kind hearts who will not suffer wrong to be done without doing what they can to prevent it, and I shall keep company with such, and I hear from

that voice that teaches the dumb, that if I keep with the good, I shall find that there is a still better and more beautiful world than this in which you happy children live, and that all who are kind and love goodness go there, and perhaps the great and powerful Being who knows when we knock and want to leave our world because it is too small for us, will let me go too, for I feel now as if it was as easy a thing to go from one state to another, as to go to sleep as I did that night on the apple tree. I was going to talk more with you, but I see you begin to be sleepy, so I will have done, only whenever you look at me remember I am made of wings, and remember too, that freedom gives wings, and do all you can for the poor slaves, or for any one who is treated unjustly and deprived of the rights that are born with him." Here the chair was silent, and the young folks made very thoughtful.

These children had some funny uncles and aunts, and perhaps one of them talked for the chair in some hidden corner, but made them think, as the ventriloquists do, that the chair really spoke. If the chair could have spoken, it might have told of many more things.

S. C. C.

THE DAISY.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Now listen! Out in the country, close to the roadside, is a country house. I am sure you have often seen it: in front there is a little flower-garden, and white palisades with the points painted green. Close by, in a ditch, amid

the most beautiful grass, grew a little daisy; the sun shone on it just as bright and warm as on the splendid flowers in the garden, and so each hour it grew in strength and beauty. One morning, there it stood full blown, with its tender, white glistening leaves, which encircled the little yellow urn in the middle, like rays. That in the grass it was seen by no one, it never thought about—it was so contented! It turned towards the warm sun, gazed upon it, and listened to the lark that was singing in the air.

The little daisy was so happy! as happy as though it had been a great holiday; and yet it was only a Monday. The children were in school; and while they sat there on their forms and learned, the little flower sat on its green stem, and also learned from the warm sun, and from all around how good God is; and it was just as if the lark uttered all this beautifully and distinctly, while the other felt it in silence. And the flower looked up with a sort of reverence to the happy bird that could sing and fly, but it was not dejected at being itself unable to do so. "Do I not see and hear?" thought she; "the sun shines on me, and the breeze kisses me—oh what rich gifts do I enjoy!"

Within the palisading stood many stiff, stately flowers: the less fragrance they had, the higher they held their heads. The peonies puffed themselves up, in order to be larger than the roses; but it is not always the size that will avail anything. The tulips were of the most beautiful colors; they knew that very well, and held themselves as straight as an arrow, so that they might be seen still better. They did not deign to cast a look on the little flower without; but the flower looked at them

so much the more, and thought, "How rich and beautiful those are! Yes, the beautiful bird certainly flies down to them — them he surely visits! What happiness to get a place so near whence I can see all this splendor!" And just as it was thinking so "*quirrevit!*" there came the lark from on high; but it did not go to the peonies or tulips; no, but down in the grass to the poor daisy, that for pure joy was so frightened that it did not even know what it should think.

The little bird hopped about in the grass and sang: "Well! how soft the grass is! and only look, what a sweet little flower, with a golden heart, and with a robe of silver!" The yellow spot in the daisy looked really just like gold, and the little leaves around shone as white as silver.

How happy the little daisy was! no one could believe it. The bird kissed her with his beak, sang to her, and then flew up in the blue air. It was certainly a whole quarter of an hour before the daisy came to herself again. Half ashamed, and yet so glad at heart, she looked at the flowers over in the garden; they had beheld the honor and the happiness that had befallen her; they would surely comprehend her joy: but there stood the tulips as stiff again as before, looking quite prim, and they were, too, quite red in the face; for they were vexed. But the peonies looked so thick-headed! ah! it was a good thing they could not speak, otherwise the daisy would have heard a fine speech. The poor little flower could see very well that they were not in a good humor, and she was heartily sorry for it. At this moment a maiden came into the garden with a knife, sharp

and polished ; she went among the tulips, and cut off one after the other.

"Ah!" sighed the little daisy, "this is really terrible; now it is all over with them." Then the girl with the tulips went away. The daisy was glad that it was standing out there in the grass, and was but a poor little flower — it was quite thankful: and when the sun set, it folded its leaves, went to sleep, and dreamed the whole night of the sun and the beautiful bird.

On the following morning, when the flower, fresh and joyful, again stretched out its white leaves, like little arms, into the light and air, she recognised the voice of the bird; but what he sung was melancholy! Yes, the poor lark had good reason to be so: he had been taken prisoner, and was now sitting in a cage, close to an open window. He sang of the joy of being able to fly about in freedom — sang of the young green corn in the field, and of the beautiful journeyings on his wings high up in the free air. The poor bird was not cheerful: there he sat a prisoner in a narrow cage.

The little daisy would so gladly have helped him; but how to begin, yes, that was the difficulty. It forgot entirely how beautiful all around was, how warm the sun shone, how beautifully white its leaves glistened — oh, it could only think on the imprisoned bird, for whom it was incapable of doing anything.

Then suddenly there came two little boys out of the garden, and one of them had a knife in his hand, large and sharp, like that with which the girl had cut the tulips. They came straight towards the little daisy, who could not imagine what they wanted.

"Here we can cut a nice piece of turf for the lark,"

said one of the boys, and began to cut out a square all round the daisy, so that the flower stood in the very middle of it.

"Pull up the flower," said one boy; and the daisy trembled for very fear; for to be pulled up, why, that was to die, and it wished to live, as it was to be put with the turf into the cage of the imprisoned lark.

"No; let it stay," said the other; "it looks so pretty." And so it remained, and was put into the cage with the lark.

But the poor bird bewailed loudly his lost freedom, and fluttered against the iron wires of the cage. The little flower could not speak, could not say one consoling word to him, much as she wished to do so. Thus passed the whole forenoon.

"There is no water," said the imprisoned lark; "they are all gone out, and have forgotten me. Not a drop of water to drink! my throat is dry and burning! within me is fire and ice, and the air is so heavy! oh, I shall die; I must leave the warm sunshine and the fresh verdure, and all the beauty that God has created!" And saying these words, he pressed his beak into the cool piece of turf to refresh himself a little; and his eye fell on the daisy, and the bird nodded to it, and kissed it, and said, "You must wither here, you poor little flower; you and the green turf here have been given to me instead of the whole world, which I had without! Every little blade of grass must be to me as a green tree; every one of your white leaves a fragrant flower. Ah, you only can tell me how much I have lost!"

"What can I do to comfort him?" thought the little flower; but she could not move a leaf; yet the fragrance

which streamed from her delicate leaves was much stronger than is usual with this flower. The bird observed this; and although he was dying of thirst, and crushed the green blade in his suffering, yet he did not even touch the little daisy.

It was evening, and no one came as yet to bring the poor bird a drop of water: he stretched out his delicate wings, and fluttered convulsively; his song was a complaining chirp. His little head bowed down towards the daisy, and the heart of the bird broke for want and longing.

Then the flower was not able, as on the evening before, to fold its leaves together and sleep; it bowed down ill and sorrowful to the earth.

It was not until the next morning that the boys came back; and when they saw that the bird was dead, they wept many tears, and dug a pretty grave, which they decked with flowers. The dead body of the bird was put in a beautiful red paper box: he was to be buried royally—the poor bird! While he lived and sang, they forgot him, let him sit in a cage and suffer want; now they showed him great honor, and lamented him.

But the bit of turf with the daisy was thrown to the dust in the street; no one thought of her, who, however, had felt most for the little bird, and had wished so much comfort to him.

LET the four and twenty elders in heaven rise before him who, from motives of humanity can totally suppress an arch, full pointed, but offensive bon-mot. LAVATER.

MY LITTLE NELL.

DICKENS has given us an exquisite picture of beautiful childhood, and I well remember how deeply my heart was touched by little Nell's loveliness of character. Since then, I have known, and loved, and lost a little girl who bore the same name, and I will speak of her. I cannot, perhaps, gild her memory in the hearts of others and make it dwell there, but her remembrance is pleasant to me; her voice still echoes in the chambers of my soul, and the portrait of her gentle face is still undimmed.

She had for a long time been my pupil, and no spirit in my loved band was more joyous and gushing than hers. I see her now, with her gladsome blue eyes, peeping in at the school door, and hear the sweet-toned Good-morning, with which she was accustomed to greet me. Then, when she sat down to her daily tasks, how cheerfully she studied! How kindly she assisted her little neighbor, who was less advanced than she! At home, too, she was mild and dutiful. She was the only child of her mother, and the delight of that mother's heart. Does some young friend of mine ask, if little Nell had no faults? Was she never disobedient or unkind? Not often. Whenever she did commit some childish error, in a little while she would feel sorry, and with a truly repentant spirit ask to be forgiven, and strive to do so no more. She owed much of her beauty of character to the example of both her parents, and to the judicious counsels of her mother, and when she passed away, it was a great consolation to them, that they had endeavored to cultivate in her mind clear ideas of right.

and wrong. Last summer, before the leaf had fallen, and the flowers died, she left us. A few days of illness, a few days we missed her from our company, and then the tidings came that she was gone forever. A few hours before she died, she said "Good bye," to her father and mother, and then when the shadow of death grew darker, and she could no longer articulate a word, she clasped her pale hands, and, raising her dimmed eyes, uttered the *tones* of prayer. Thus she passed the golden gate. O, little Nell, what a beautiful message did our Father send us in thee! A few years thy presence was a delight to thy father and mother, thy playmates and teacher, and then it was withdrawn. God gave a lesson to thy mother, in thee, living and dying. While thou wert with her in life, she felt how needful it was to be truthful and pure, that her child might be so too. Sweet and pleasant was this part of her duty, but when she was called to send thee to the angels, then was the lesson hard. But Faith and Trust came and talked with her kindly, and she learned it well. Thy playmates loved thee in life, and when Death came and took thee, without marring thy loveliness, then they thought him only a kind messenger to call thee to some other pleasant home. He had never come so near them before, and some of the little ones had scarcely an idea of his office. They knew now that he had taken little Nell, and yet she seemed living to them. They missed her, it is true, from their band, but they felt that she must have joined some other, and their simple, unwavering belief that their little playmate was an angel somewhere under the good care of God, was to me, more than many a well written sermon upon *immortality*. o.

THE AFFRIGHTED ASS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SWISS TRAVELS OF ALEX. DUMAS.

SHOULD any of the readers of these pages be ever tempted in a moment of thoughtless levity or passion to abuse the animals committed to their charge—those humbler brethren, who derive their existence from the same Hand which has fashioned ourselves—may the following narrative, portraying human sensibility and memory in the ass himself, childish heedlessness and brutal cruelty on the part of his tormentors, and Christian long suffering and tenderness in his owner, rise to their memories, and effectually check the mean, unmanly impulse!

“Inquiring of a peasant, whether I was on the road to Schwitz, he answered in the affirmative, and for my greater satisfaction pointed to a countryman and his ass about three hundred paces ahead of us, whom we might follow, he said, as far as Ibach.

Reassured by this explanation, we proceeded on our way, and having lost sight of the man and ass in a bend of the road, thought no more about them until on reaching the spot where they had disappeared, we saw the quadruped coming back and returning on the full gallop towards Brunnen, braying at the top of his voice to give notice, no doubt, of his arrival there. Behind him followed the peasant, though losing ground continually, and employing as he ran, the most persuasive eloquence, in

order to detain the fugitive. The language in which the good fellow entreated his ass being my own maternal tongue, I was touched by it much more than I was moved in favor of the stupid animal, and at the moment he was passing me, I dexterously seized the leathern bridle which he dragged after him; but being unwilling to yield himself prisoner, he continued on his part to pull forward. Not choosing to come off second best with an ass, I grew angry and pulled on my side; in short, I know not which would have gained the victory, had not my servant Francesco come to my assistance, by showering down a tempest of blows on the posteriors of my antagonist, with his walking stick. This argument was decisive, the ass surrendered at once, with, or without this help. The peasant came up at the same moment, and we resigned the prisoner to him.

The poor man was bathed in perspiration, and we supposed that he would continue the chastisement which we had commenced with his beast; but to our great surprise, he addressed him in accents of kindness which appeared to me so singularly inappropriate to the case, that I could not help expressing to him my surprise at his gentleness, frankly saying, that I thought he would spoil the character of the animal, if he humored him in such tricks.

'Ah!' he replied, 'it is no trick, poor Pierrot does so because he is afraid.'

'Afraid of what?'

'He is afraid of a fire, which some children have kindled on the road.'

'Granted,' continued I, 'but it is a very bad fault, master Pierrot, to be afraid of fire.'

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“Inquiring of a peasant, whether I was on the road to Schwitz, he answered in the affirmative, and for my greater satisfaction pointed to a countryman and his ass about three hundred paces ahead of us, whom we might follow, he said, as far as Ibach.

Reassured by this explanation, we proceeded on our way, and having lost sight of the man and ass in a bend of the road, thought no more about them until on reaching the spot where they had disappeared, we saw the quadruped coming back and returning on the full gallop towards Brunnen, braying at the top of his voice to give notice, no doubt, of his arrival there. Behind him followed the peasant, though losing ground continually, and employing as he ran, the most persuasive eloquence, in

order to detain the fugitive. The language in which the good fellow entreated his ass being my own maternal tongue, I was touched by it much more than I was moved in favor of the stupid animal, and at the moment he was passing me, I dexterously seized the leathern bridle which he dragged after him; but being unwilling to yield himself prisoner, he continued on his part to pull forward. Not choosing to come off second best with an ass, I grew angry and pulled on my side; in short, I know not which would have gained the victory, had not my servant Francesco come to my assistance, by showering down a tempest of blows on the posteriors of my antagonist, with his walking stick. This argument was decisive, the ass surrendered at once, with, or without this help. The peasant came up at the same moment, and we resigned the prisoner to him.

The poor man was bathed in perspiration, and we supposed that he would continue the chastisement which we had commenced with his beast; but to our great surprise, he addressed him in accents of kindness which appeared to me so singularly inappropriate to the case, that I could not help expressing to him my surprise at his gentleness, frankly saying, that I thought he would spoil the character of the animal, if he humored him in such tricks.

'Ah!' he replied, 'it is no trick, poor Pierrot does so because he is afraid.'

'Afraid of what?'

'He is afraid of a fire, which some children have kindled on the road.'

'Granted,' continued I, 'but it is a very bad fault, master Pierrot, to be afraid of fire.'

‘What would you have?’ replied the good man with the same forbearance, ‘the fear is stronger than he, poor beast!’

‘But, my good man, were you upon his back when such a panic befel him, unless you are a much better rider than I apprehend, are you not aware that he might break your neck?’

‘Oh yes, sir,’ said the peasant, with an assenting gesture, ‘he undoubtedly would, and for that reason I never mount him.’

‘In that case, he is a very useful animal to you.’

‘Ah, well!’ continued the good man, ‘such as you see him he has been the most docile, the best able to endure fatigue, and the most courageous animal in the whole canton; there has not been his equal.’

‘Your weak affection for him has spoiled him.’

‘Oh no, sir, it was an accident which befel him.’

‘Move on, Pierrot,’ continued I, pushing the ass, who had stopped afresh.

‘Stay! It is because he does not like to pass the water.’

‘How! Is he afraid, too, of water?’

‘Yes, he is afraid of it.’

‘Why, then he is afraid of everything.’

‘To be sure, he is very skittish. Let us be moving, Pierrot.’

We had reached a place where a brook about ten feet wide overflowed the road, and Pierrot, who appeared to have a profound horror of water, remained on the edge, with his four feet fastened to the ground, and absolutely refusing to advance a step farther. His purpose was visible; in vain the peasant pulled him, Pierrot opposed

to him, the force of a dogged inertness. I seized the rope and pulled on my side, but Pierrot stiffened himself anew by planting down his hind feet. Francesco then pushed him from the rear; but our combined efforts were insufficient to start Pierrot from the most perfect immobility. At last, not choosing to be worsted, I pulled so irregularly that the rope suddenly broke. This accident produced an effect on the several personages, similar in its results, though very different in the details. The peasant immediately fell backwards into the water; I tumbled by a retrograde movement of ten paces in the dust; and Francesco, suddenly losing his purchase by the quarter of a turn made unexpectedly by Pierrot, as he found himself at liberty, sprawled down upon his face and two hands in the mud.

‘I was sure that he would not go over,’ said the good man, quietly, as he hitched up his breeches.

‘Your Pierrot is an atrocious rhinoceros,’ replied I, shaking myself.

‘A real demon,’ muttered Francesco, ascending the brook, that he might wash his hands and face at a spot where the water had not been disturbed.

‘I am very much obliged to you,’ said the good man to me, ‘for the trouble you have taken on my account, kind sir.’

‘That is of no consequence, I am only sorry that it has had no better result.’

‘What would you have? When we have done all in our power, there should be no regrets.’

‘Perhaps so, but—how are you now going to help yourself?’

‘I shall make a circuit.’

‘What! shall you yield to Pierrot?’

‘I must, for he will not yield to me.’

‘Not so,’ said I ‘the matter shall not end thus; though I carry Pierrot on my back, go he shall.’

‘Humph!’ said the good man, shaking his head, ‘he is heavy.’

‘Come, catch him by the bridle, I have a thought.’

The peasant re-crossed the brook, and proceeded to take Pierrot again by the end of his bridle, who had quietly stopped to munch a thistle.

‘That is well,’ continued I, ‘now bring him as near as you can to the brook — right! Have you done cleaning your face, Francesco?’

‘Yes, your excellency.’

‘Give me your stick and come here, sideways of Pierrot’s head.’

Francesco handed me the required article and performed the prescribed manœuvre; as for the peasant, he was tenderly caressing his ass.

I availed myself of this moment to take my station behind the animal. While he was responding to the endearments of his master, I passed our two mountain staffs between his legs. Francesco instantly comprehended my plan, and took up the two staffs by one end, while I lay hold on the other. At the word ‘Hoist!’ Pierrot was lifted up from the ground, and at the order, ‘Forward! march!’ he was triumphantly borne along in the fashion of a litter, we being the porters.

Whether it was, that the novelty of the expedient astounded him, or that he found this way of travelling to be to his taste, or, in short, that he was impressed with the superiority of our dynamic powers, Pierrot made no

resistance, and we deposited him safe and sound on the other side.

‘Well,’ said the peasant, after the beast had regained his equilibrium, ‘this was rather harsh treatment, what did you think of it, my poor Pierrot?’

Pierrot resumed his course, absolutely as if nothing had happened.

‘And now,’ said I to the good man, ‘relate to me the accident which befel your ass, and how it came to pass that he should be afraid both of fire and water; this is the least you owe me, after the service which I have just done to you.’

‘Ah, sir,’ replied the peasant, laying his hand on the neck of his beast, ‘it happened two years ago next November. There was already a great deal of snow in the mountain, and one evening I had returned with Pierrot, as to day, from Brunnen—at that time, poor beast! he was afraid of nothing; and we, that is my son and my daughter-in-law and I, were warming ourselves around a good fire, hearing the wind whistle in the pine trees, when there was a knocking at the door. I ran to open it, and found two young Parisians outside who had come from St. Anna, and having lost their way in the mountain, were stiff with the cold. I brought them in, to the fire, and while they were warming themselves, Mary Ann dressed some chamois-meat for them. They were gay fellows, and though half dead, they jested and sported all the same, in short, they were genuine Frenchmen. They had saved their lives solely in consequence of having with them the means of lighting a fire, by which they had two or three times kiudled a heap of branches, and after warming themselves resumed

their march with fresh courage. Thus by dint of walking, warming themselves when they grew cold, and then resuming their course, they had reached my house. After supper I conducted them to their chamber; it was not elegant, to be sure, but it was all we had, and as pleasant even as a stove, because it had a door which opened into the stable, and Christian men can derive warmth from the animals. When I went to get the straw for their bed I had left this door of communication open, and Pierrot, who was always permitted to be as free as the air, because he was as gentle as a lamb, re-entered the chamber with me, following behind me like a dog, and browsing from the bundle of straw which I held under my arm. 'You have a very fine animal there,' said one of the travellers to me, — 'indeed, I do not know whether you have noticed it, but Pierrot is superb of his kind,' — I nodded in assent.

'What is his name?' asked the elder of the two.

'His name is Pierrot. Just call him; he is not surly, he will come.'

'How much may such an ass be worth?'

'Twenty or thirty crowns.'

'That is a trifle.'

'To be sure,' said I, 'compared with the service of which he is capable, it is not a high price. Come, friend Pierrot, we must let the gentlemen lie down.' He followed me just as if he had understood me. I shut the door and went back by the front way, that the gentlemen might be disturbed no farther. A moment after I heard them uttering peals of laughter. 'Right,' said I, 'God regards the cottage where the guests are merry.'

'The next day, at seven in the morning, our young

men awoke; Mary Ann prepared their breakfast. Our guests ate with the appetite of travellers and then wished to settle their bill; we told them to pay what they pleased. They gave Mary Ann a louis, who wished to return it to them, but they would not consent, being, as it appeared, rich.

‘Now, my good man,’ said one of them to me, ‘this is not all, you must lend us Pierrot as far as Brunnen.’

‘With great pleasure, gentlemen,’ I replied, ‘you may leave him at the Eagle tavern, and the first time I go after provisions I can take him again. Pierrot is at your service; take him. You can mount him alternately, and even both of you at once; he is strong, and it will be a relief to you.’

‘But,’ resumed his comrade, ‘as some accident may befall Pierrot’ —

‘What can befall him?’ said I, ‘the road is good from here to Ibach, and from Ibach to Brunnen it is superb.’

‘Still, there is no knowing. We will leave his price with you.’

‘It is unnecessary, I can rely on you.’

‘We will not take him except on that condition.’

‘Do as you choose, gentlemen, you are your own masters.’

‘You told us that Pierrot was worth thirty crowns.’

‘At least.’

‘There, then, are forty, give us a receipt for the sum. If we deposit the beast safe and sound in the hands of the keeper of the Eagle hotel, he shall reimburse us; if any mischief shall befall Pierrot, you shall keep the forty crowns.’

Nothing could seem more fair. My daughter-in-law,

who knows how to read and write, because her father was the schoolmaster of Goldau, gave them a suitable receipt. Pierrot was made ready and they departed. To do him justice, poor beast! he was not willing to go; he looked back on us with an air so sad that it gave me pain, and I went and cut a piece of bread which I gave him, for Pierrot is very fond of bread, and it was the way to make him do anything you pleased; so that I then only had to say to him, 'Come on,' and he started. At that time he was as obedient as a spaniel.'

'Age has greatly changed him.'

'The fact is, that no one would know him again, but with your leave, it was the misfortune in question, not age, which has changed him.'

'That which happened to him on the way?' —

'Oh, yes, sir, and a dire one it was, was it not, poor Pierrot?'

'Let us hear it.'

'It was one you would never guess. Now, then — you must know that these Parisian jesters had conceived a very droll idea. This was, that instead of warming themselves from time to time, as they had done the preceding evening, they would be warm all day as they went along their way, and in this view they had thought of Pierrot. I learned afterwards from a neighbor in Reid, who was at work in the forest and saw what they did, how the affair was managed. In the first place, they placed on his pack-saddle a layer of wet grass, and then on the layer of grass, one of snow; then a new layer of grass, and upon that a fagot of pine twigs, such as you see piled up all along the road. They then took their tinder box from their pockets and kindled the fagot,

so that they had only to go behind Pierrot in order to keep themselves warm, and could reach out their hands and light their cigars, just as if they were at their own firesides. What say you to the contrivance?'

'I say that I perfectly recognize in it my Parisian countrymen.'

'I ought to have known them too, as I had already made their acquaintance in the time of General Massena.'

'But to go on with Pierrot.'

'All was well for about the space of a league. They had passed through the village of Schonembuch, warming themselves as I have described to you, and stopped only to put some wood on their fire. Everybody came out of doors to look at them; for such a sight, as you may believe, had never been seen. But by degrees, the snow which prevented Pierrot from feeling the heat had melted, and the two layers of grass had become dry; the fire was gaining ground without our Parisians being aware of it, and the more it increased, the nearer it came to Pierrot's skin; consequently, he was the first to perceive of it. He began to twitch in his skin, then to bray, next to trot, and then to gallop, so that our youths could no longer keep up with him, and the faster he went, the more the current of air kindled the fire. At length, poor beast! he became wild, and rolled on the ground; but the fire had reached his saddle and that roasted him, he arose from the ground and then rolled again. At last, by dint of rolling, he had reached the declivity of the river's bank, and as it recedes rapidly, he rolled down into the water. The merry gentlemen

went on their way without troubling themselves about him ; for had they not paid for him ?

Two hours afterwards, Pierrot was found ; the fire was extinguished, but as the banks of the Muotta are precipitous, he had not been able to climb them, and had remained all that time in the icy water, so that after being roasted he was frozen ; an attempt was made to bring him near a fire, but as soon as he saw the flame he ran away like one infuriated, and as he knew the road, he returned to his home, where he was ill for six weeks.

He has never since been able to endure either fire or water.'

As I had seen more extraordinary antipathies than these of Pierrot, I could understand his perfectly, and he immediately recovered in my estimation all the consideration which he had lost by his two freaks." L. O.

THE MOUNTAIN PROFILES.

If any of our young friends have ever visited Franco-nia, and seen there the remarkable profile of 'the Old Man of the Mountain,' with its placid, venerable expression, they will wish to invent for it a more gentle legend than the following, appended to a similar appearance of two human faces in the Saltsburgh mountains.

"Whoever has once visited Saltsburgh will never forget Mount Watzman, which towers into the clouds with such savage majesty. With this snowy mountain, some

singular circumstances are connected, which are related by the ferrymen and Alpine cowherds in the following manner:—‘In very, very ancient times, there lived a wicked king who delighted in nothing so much as in desolating hunting-chases over mountain and valley. His life was devoted to horses and hounds and wild revels. It happened not seldom, that when pursuing the track of some wounded deer, he trampled down fields of grain and ploughed acres with his hunting train, or swept through flocks of sheep as they were peacefully grazing. At those times, no petitions or entreaties of the poor shepherds were of any avail. ‘Hurrah for the chase!’ was the word, and where the rattling tramp of the horses’ feet was heard, neither man nor beast was sure of his life.

And like unto the king—Watzman was his name—was also the queen his wife. She always accompanied him, and was no less wildly eager for the amusement of hunting. One day, however—the demons of the chase being let loose—it happened that the hounds furiously assailed a flock of sheep. And now, when the shepherds endeavored to defend them, and in their resentment laid hold on their cross-bows and put to death one of these raging hounds, the savage king was so wrathful that he set the dogs on the shepherds, who were soon torn to pieces by them and laid at his feet. Thereupon his Majesty laughed in wild ecstasy, and so did the queen his wife and her children. But at all times there has been a King in Heaven, to judge and chastise the kings of this earth. And so it was then, for immediately there arose a terrible tempest, and a flash of lightning converted king Watzman and his family into stone, where they

still stand, rearing up their giant bodies as rigid mountain peaks."

In the almanac from which the above story was translated, a picture of the mountains to which it refers, represented the perfect likeness of two human faces.

L. O.

THE TAILOR IN PENSA.

THERE is no calling more excellent or more delightful than to unfold the way in which eternal Providence cares for our help before the emergency comes, and to make known the praiseworthiness of excellent men, in whatever part of the world they may live.

The tailor in Pensa, what sort of a little man was he ! Six and twenty journeymen on the table year in, year out, work enough for half the Empire of Russia, and yet no money ; but a free, happy mind, soul true and precious as gold, and a German heart in the midst of Asia, the household affection of the Rhine-lord.

In the year 1812, as Russia had not highways enough for the prisoners of war captured on the Beresina or in Wilna, a detachment was going through Pensa, which town is more than a hundred days journey from Lahr or Pforzheim, and where the best German or English watch, should any one possess such a thing, never goes right, but always an hour or two too slow. In Pensa is the seat of the first Russian Governor in Asia, as it is entered from Europe. Accordingly the prisoners of war

were received at that place and taken into custody, and thence removed into farther Asia, where Christendom comes to an end, and where no one can say a Paternoster unless he brings it with him, like foreign goods out of Europe. There came one day intermixed with the French, sixteen officers from Baden who served at that time under the standard of Napoleon. They had been dragged over the battle-fields and burned cities of Europe, and entered Pensa faint, sick with stiffened limbs and imperfectly healed wounds, without money, without clothes, without comfort, and found in this strange land no ear that understood their speech, no heart that felt pity for their sufferings. But while one was looking at the other with despairing glance which expressed, "What will become of us?" or "When will death put an end to our miseries, and who will bury the last of us?" they perceived unexpectedly through the midst of the Russian and Cossack dialects, like good tidings from heaven, a voice: "*Are there no Germans there?*" and there stood before them on two not exactly similar feet, a pleasant, friendly looking man. This was the tailor of Pensa, Franz Anthony *Egetmaier*, born in Bretten, in the neckar-circle, Grand Duchy of Baden. Did he not learn his trade in Manheim in the year 1779? Afterwards he went in his travelling year to Nurenberg, a little after to Petersburg. A tailor from the Palatinate does not count a journey of seven or eight hundred miles as much, when he has any inward impulse thereto. Therefore in Petersburg he engaged himself with a Russian troop of cavalry as tailor of the regiment, and went with them far into the strange Russian world, where everything is foreign, even to Pensa, sometimes pricking with the nee-

dle, sometimes with the sword. But in Pensa, where he afterwards established himself as citizen and householder, he has now become a man of distinction. Does any one in the country round desire a neat and handsome coat, according to the fashion, he sends to the German tailor in Pensa. Does he desire anything from the Governor, who is besides an excellent gentleman and can even speak to the Emperor, a good friend asks the tailor's intercession; and has a man within a hundred miles met with a misfortune or accident, he confides his trouble to the tailor in Pensa; he finds with him whatever he wants; comfort, counsel, help, a heart and an eye full of love; shelter, table and bed, everything but money.

For a disposition such as this, rich only in love and kindness, there flourished on the battle-field of the year 1812 a beautiful harvest of joy. As often as a transport of unfortunate captives arrived, he threw away shears and measure, and was the first upon the place where his first question was, "Are there any Germans there?" For he hoped from day to day to find countrymen among the prisoners, rejoicing when he could do them any good, loving them beforehand in an extraordinary manner, as a mother loves her little child when it is out of her sight. "What if they should look so or so!" he thought; "if they are only in great want of something, so that I can do something really good for them!" But yet, if there were no Germans there, he made the most of the Frenchmen and lightened their burdens while they remained stationary, as much as he could. But this time when he called out in the midst of the troop: "Sind keine Deutschen da?" he must ask again: for the first time they could not answer for doubt and uncertainty, but the

sweet German words in the heart of Asia resounded in their ears as the music of a harp, and when he heard "Germans enough!" and asking each one whence he came (he would have been content even with Meklinburghers or Saxons) was answered by one, from *Manheim on the Rhine-stream*, (as if the tailor had not known beforehand where Manheim lies.) The next said, from Bruchsal, the third from Heidelberg, the fourth from Gorshsheim; something rushed through the tailor's heart like a warm melting theme. "*And I am from Bretten*," said the noble-hearted man, Franz Anton Egetmaier, of Bretten, as Joseph said in Egypt, to the sons of Jacob: "I am Joseph, your brother," — and the tears of joy, of sympathy, and of the sacred love of home, came into the eyes of all, and it was difficult to say whether they made a more joyful discovery in the tailor, or the tailor in his countrymen, and which party were the more deeply moved. Now the good man led his fellow-countrymen triumphantly into his own house, and regaled them with a refreshing meal, served up with the greatest possible speed.

Then he hastened to the Governor, and begged the favor of him that he might retain his countrymen while they were stationed in Pensa. "Anton," said the Governor, "when have I refused you anything?" Now he ran about the town and sought among his friends and acquaintances the best lodgings for them whom he could not accommodate in his own house. Then he examined his guests, one after the other. "Sir Countryman," said he to one, "your linen lets in the wind a little. I will furnish you with a half dozen new shirts." "You want a new coat, too," said he to another "Yours may be

turned and mended again," to a third, and so on to all ; and immediately he went to cutting, and all the twenty-six journeymen labored day and night on new clothes for his dear Rhine-land home friends. In a few days they were all newly and suitably dressed. A good man, even when he is in need, never abuses the generosity of another ; on this account his Rhine-land home friends said to him : " Sir Countryman, do not straiten yourself. A prisoner of war brings no coin in his purse. So we cannot tell how and when we can make up to you for your great outlay." Thereupon the tailor answered : " I find sufficient compensation in the feeling, that I am able to help you. Make use of all that I have ! Look upon my house and my garden as your own." So he spoke short and quick, as an emperor or a king would speak, when, surrounded with greatness, his goodness shines forth. For not only high princely birth and magnificence, but also affectionate, domestic humility gives sometimes unconsciously to the heart royal expressions, to say nothing of thoughts. Now he led his friends about the town, gay as a child, and made himself great with his retinue. There is not here time or space enough to tell all the kindness which he showed to his friends. Great as was their satisfaction, he was never content with what he was doing. He found every day new means to lighten the sad condition of prisoners of war, and to make their strange life in Asia pleasant. Was there in the dear home any birthday, or saint's day to celebrate, it was kept on the same day by the faithful absent ones in Asia, with festivity and illumination ; only somewhat earlier, because the watches there did not keep true time. Did any account reach them of the progress and victory of

the allied troops in Germany, the tailor was the first to know it, and to report it to his children (he always called them all his children) with tears of joy; for this reason, that the time of their liberation approached. When money arrived occasionally from the father-land for the maintainance of the prisoners, their first care was to repay to their benefactor his expenses on their account. "Children," said he, "do not deny me my pleasure!" "Father Egetmaier," said they, "do not grieve our hearts!" Then he made out, to please them, some small account, using the money for their advantage again, until his last kopel was gone. The good money ought to have been put by for another use, but one cannot think of everything. For when at last the hour of deliverance struck, there was joined to their immeasurable joy the bitter pain of separation, and to the pain of separation, want. For they were destitute of everything which was requisite for clothing and food on so long a journey in the terrors of a Russian winter and an inhospitable region; and although thirteen kreutzers were to be given to each man daily, as long as they should be travelling in Russia, yet so little was scarcely of any avail. On this account the poor tailor, usually so free and light-hearted, went about in these last days quietly and seriously, as if he had something on his mind. "It touches his heart deeply," said his Rhine-land household friends, and seemed to take no notice. But all at once he came back with long, joyful steps, and with a truly illuminated countenance: "*Children, I have found a way, money enough!*" What was it? The good soul had sold his house for two thousand roubles. "I shall soon find an establishment," said he, "if you can only

get back to Germany without want and suffering." O holy, living words of the Gospel and of love: "Sell what thou hast and give to him who is in need, so shalt thou lay up treasure in heaven." Once hereafter will the question be asked, whether the voice has spoken: "Come, ye blessed! I was hungry, and you have fed me; I was naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and in prison and ye have ministered unto me." But the sale of the house, to the great comfort of the noble prisoners, was not finally accomplished. Nevertheless, he made out by some other means to scrape together a few hundred roubles, and insisted also on their taking with them what he had by him of costly Russian furs, which they might dispose of on the way, should their money fall short, or either of them fall into misfortune. The leave-taking cannot be described. No one who was present was sufficiently unmoved. They separated amidst a thousand blessings and good wishes, expressions of gratitude and of affection, and the tailor declared that this was to him the saddest day of his life. The travellers, however, were incessantly talking of their Father in Pensa, and still bear him in mind, and when they arrived safely at their homes, and took possession of their estates, they returned to him thankfully the money provided by him for their journey.

Such was the child of God, Franz Anton Egetmaier, from Bretten, master tailor in Asia. **

WHICH WAS THE BRUTE?

We find the following extraordinary story in a late number of the Edinburgh Chronicle:—

"An instance of animal sagacity and humanity un-

equalled in our remembrance, took place before our door lately. An unfortunate dog, in order to make sport for some fools, had a pan tied to his tail, and was sent off on his travels toward Galt. He reached the village utterly exhausted, and lay down before the steps of Mr. Young's tavern, eyeing most anxiously the horrid annoyance hung behind him, but unable to move a step farther, to rid himself of the torment. Another dog, a Scotch colly, laid himself gently down beside him, and gaining his confidence by a few caresses, proceeded to gnaw the string by which the noisy appendage was attached to his friend's tail, and with about a quarter of an hour's exertion severed the cord, and started to his legs with the pan hanging from the string in his mouth, and after a few joyful capers around his friend, departed on his travels in the highest glee at his success."

BIRTH-DAY VERSES.

My birth day! — Oh beloved mother!

My heart is with thee o'er the seas,

I did not think to count another

Before I wept upon thy knees —

Before this scroll of absent years

Was blotted with thy streaming tears.

My own I do not care to check.

I weep—albeit here alone—

As if I hung upon thy neck,

As if thy lips were on my own,

As if this full, sad heart of mine,

Were beating closely upon thine.

Four weary years! How looks she now?
 What light is in those tender eyes?
 What trace of time has touch'd the brow
 Whose look is borrowed of the skies
 That listen to her nightly prayer?
 How is she changed since *he* was there
 Who sleeps upon her heart away—
 Whose name upon her lips is worn—
 For whom the night seems made to pray—
 For whom she wakes to pray at morn—
 Whose sight is dim, whose heart-strings stir,
 Who weeps these tears—to think of *her*!

I know not if my mother's eyes
 Would find me changed in slighter things;
 I've wandered beneath many skies,
 And tasted of some bitter springs;
 And many leaves, once fair and gay,
 From youth's full flower have dropp'd away—

But, as these looser leaves depart,
 The lessened flower gets near the core,
 And, when deserted quite, the heart
 Takes closer what was dear of yore—
 And yearns to those who lov'd it first—
 The sunshine and the dew by which its bud was nurst.

Dear mother! dost thou love me yet?
 Am I remember'd in my home?
 When those I love for joy are met,
 Does some one wish that I would come?
 Thou *dost*—I *am* belov'd of these!
 But, as the schoolboy numbers o'er
 Night after night the Pleiades,
 And finds the stars he found before—
 As turns the maiden oft her token—

As counts the miser aye his gold—
So, till life's silver cord is broken,
Would I of thy fond love be told.
My heart is full, mine eyes are wet—
Dear mother, dost thou love thy long lost wanderer yet?

Oh! when the hour to meet again
Creeps on—and, speeding o'er the sea,
My heart takes up its lengthen'd chain,
And, link by link, draws nearer thee—
When land is hailed, and, from the shore,
Comes off the blessed breath of home,
With fragrance from my mother's door
Of flowers forgotten when I come—
When port is gain'd, and slowly, now
The old familiar paths are past,
And, entering—unconscious how—
I gaze upon thy face at last,
And run to thee, all faint and weak,
And feel thy tears upon my cheek—

Oh! if my heart break not with joy,
The light of heaven will fairer seem;
And I shall grow once more a boy:
And, mother!—'t will be like a dream
That we were parted thus for years—
And once that we have dried our tears,
How will the days seem long and bright—
To meet thee always with the morn,
And hear thy blessing every night—
Thy "dearest," thy "first-born!"—
And be no more, as now, in a strange land, forlorn!

ANON.

A FEARFUL INCIDENT.

THE following graphic and thrilling sketch of an incident which occurred some years since, at the Natural Bridge, in Virginia, comprises a passage in a lecture on Genius, delivered by the celebrated ELIHU BURRITT, the "Learned Blacksmith" : —

"The scene opens with a view of the great 'Natural Bridge' of Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks, which the Almighty bridged over these everlasting abutments when 'the morning stars sang together.' The little piece of sky, spanning those measurable piers, is full of stars, although it is mid-day. It is almost four hundred feet, from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of lime-stone, to the key-rock of that vast arch, which appears to them the size of a man's hand. The death-like silence is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence-chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last, this feeling begins to wear away; they begin to look around them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the lime-stone abutments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. 'What man has done, man can do,' are their watchwords, while they draw themselves up, and carve their names a foot

above those of a hundred full grown men, who had been there before them.

“ They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is no royal road to intellectual eminence. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach, — a name that will be green in the memory of the world, when those of Alexander, and Cæsar, and Bonaparte, shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to the fatal field, he had been there and left his name above all his predecessors. It was a glorious thought of the boy, to write his name side by side with that of the great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand; and, clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts a niche into the lime-stone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up, and cuts another for his hands. It is a dangerous adventure; but, as he puts his feet and hands into those niches, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in rude capitals, large and deep, into the flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new-created aspiration in his heart. Anon he cuts another niche, and again he cuts his name in larger capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The gradations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every niche he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on

his ear. He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that look continued a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertions, and trembling from the sudden view of the destruction to which he is exposed.

"His knife is worn half way to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words, of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! What a meagre chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet, and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness, or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the winds he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearth-stone.

"Minutes of almost eternal length roll on; and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting, with all the energy of despair, '*William! William! Don't look down! Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet, are all here, praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eye towards the top!*' The boy didn't look down. His eye is fixed towards

heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers — resting a moment at each niche he cuts! How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother, and sister, on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone!

“The sun is now half way down the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch. He must cut his way in a new direction, to get from under this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is dying away in his bosom; its vital heart is fed by increased shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands on the bridge above, or those with ladders below. Fifty niches more must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the lime-stone. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready, in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more, and all will be over. The blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. Hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last faint gash he makes, the knife drops from his nerveless hand, and, ringing along the precipice, falls at

his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave.

"At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment — there! — one foot swings off! — he is reeling — trembling — toppling over the abyss! Hark! a shout falls on his ear from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge had caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint, convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and, with the words, 'God!' and 'Mother!' whispered on his lips, just loud enough to be heard in heaven, the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but, when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude, such shouting, such leaping and weeping for joy, never before greeted the ear of human being so recovered from the yawning gulph of eternity!"

Perhaps our young readers may take more interest in this fine description when they know that such an event actually took place at the Natural Bridge. A gentleman from Virginia told the writer of this note only a few days ago that he went to school for about six months with the boy who performed the feat. He is still living in Virginia.

C. C. C.

THE LOW, SWEET CHIME.

THERE is a low, deep music in the wind,
Sounding at intervals when all is still,
Heard only by the pure in heart, who find
Joy in their daily task, doing their Maker's will.

"Be they in velvet clad, or russet stole,
In hall or hut, this is that low, sweet chime,
Solemn, yet cheerful, speaking to the soul
Of joys that rest not in this stranger clime.

Loud music cannot quench it, nor the sound
Of mighty voices, like the mingled roar
Of tossing waves that with delirious bound
Leap onward in their fury to the shore ;

Nor yet the jarring sounds of bustling life,
Whose weary footsteps toil in quest of gain
In dusty marts, 'mid sickening scenes of strife,
Till the worn spirit longs for rest—in vain.

Yes—few do hear it—either care or pride,
Or thoughts unholy, folly, grief, or crime,
Whelming the soul beneath their rushing tide,
Hinder the coming of that low sweet chime.

Men's hearts are heavy, or they would not slight
Their spirit's oneness with so pure a strain,
Though faint as when the far-off torrent's might
Seems as a murmur stealing o'er the plain.

From source far mightier comes that low, sweet sound.
Than deep, deep waters thundering on the ear ;
From harps, and mingled voices that resound
With anthems high through heaven's eternal year.

ANON.

THE VALUE OF A DEAD HORSE IN PARIS.

THE use to which dead horses are put may be gathered from a brief account of the establishment at Montfaucon, near Paris, consisting of what we should call knacker's yards. After the horses are deposited there, the hair of the mane and tail is cut off, which amounts to about a quarter of a pound; the skin is then taken away, which is disposed of to the tanners, and used for various purposes. The shoes are sold as old iron; the feet are cut off, dried and beaten, in order to make the hoofs come away, or left to putrify till they separate of themselves, when they are sold to turners, comb-makers, manufacturers of ammonia and Prussian blue. Every morsel of fat is picked out, collected and melted, and is used for burning by makers of enamel and glass toys, greasing shoe leather and harness, and manufacturing soap and gas. The workmen choose the best pieces to eat, preferring those about the head, and sell the rest for dogs, cats, hogs and poultry. It is also much used for manure and making Prussian blue. The bones are disposed of to cutlers, fan-makers, &c., and are often made into ivory black, and also occasionally serve as fuel for melting the fat, and for manure. The sinews and tendons are sold to the glue-makers; the small intestines are made into coarse strings for lathes, &c., or serve as manure. Even the maggots, which breed in great quantities in these yards, turn to account, for many are sold to the fishermen, and the rest, when developed in flies, attract such numbers of swallows, that the Parisians make a shooting ground of the neighborhood. — *Popular Record of Modern Science.*